EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SC.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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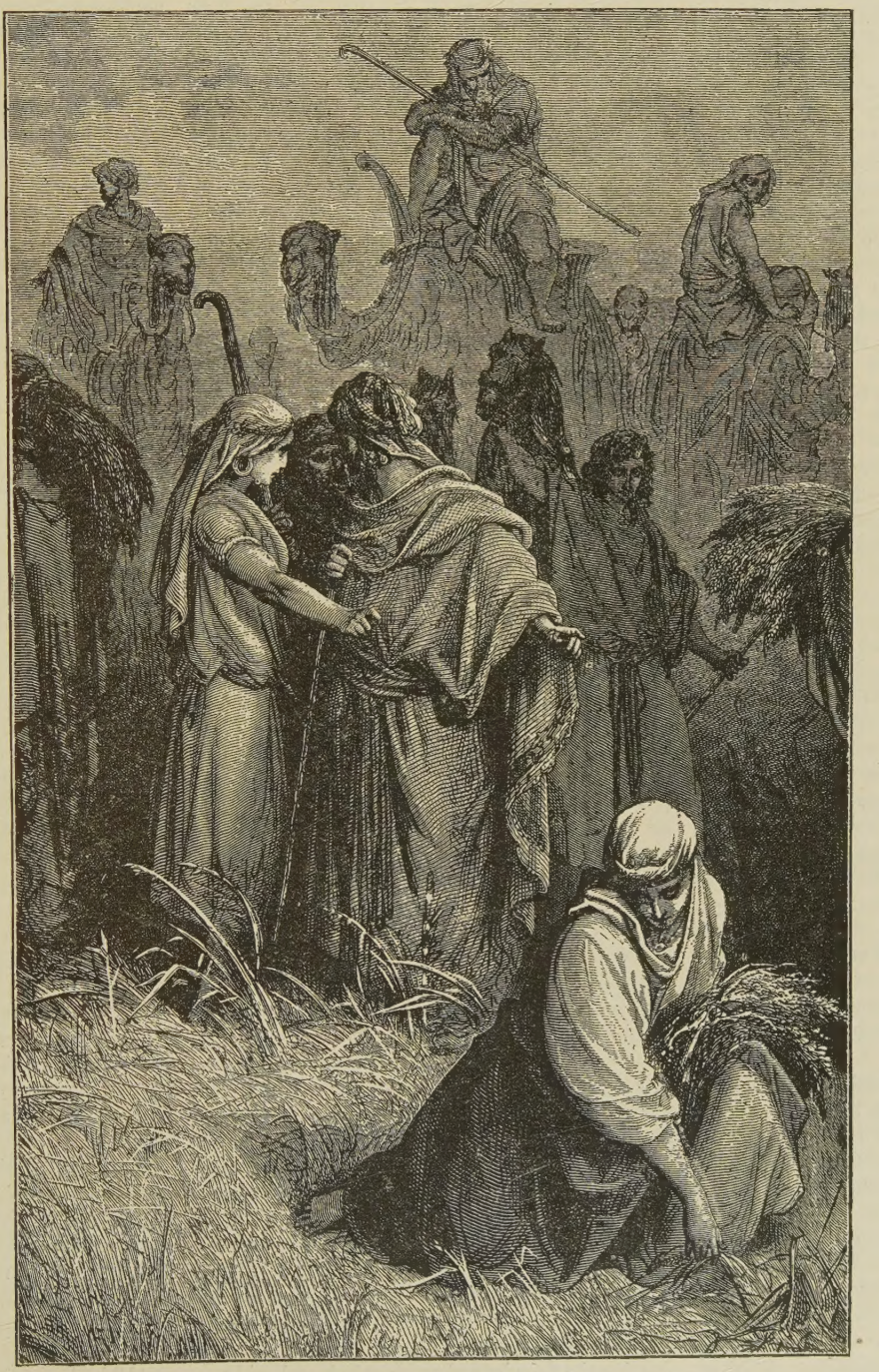


RUTH, THE GLEANER.

A GLASS OF MILK.

BY MRS. ELIA W. PEATTIE.

PAPA and Mamma had gone to church and nurse was out for the day, so there was no one to look after Odile and Maude and Henry but Aunt Josephine; not that the children were sorry for that,—on the contrary they knew that Aunt Josephine had a way of telling the pleasantest stories that ever kept three restless little children quiet. Besides, Aunt Josephine always looked so pretty that the children were never tired of gazing at her, and as she was not afraid of having her dresses crumpled, they could cuddle as close as they liked while she talked to them.

On this particular Sunday morning they sat before the grate-fire in the nursery, with Odile in Aunt Josephine's lap and Maude and Henry in their little chairs on each side of her, their stubby little shoes resting on the bar of the fender beside Auntie's pretty bronze slippers.

"What I am going to tell you about," said Aunt Josephine, "would never have happened if I had not had a new green gingham dress. I told every one that I was five years old, because I was in such a hurry to grow up, but I was really only four and a half, and very small for my age. I think I was mostly eyes and red curls. These curls were a very bright red,—you see they are rather red still, though they are done up now in a stiff old knot,—and my Mamma used to curl them twice every day, so that they were always quite fresh and neat. My Papa was away in the war then, and we were very poor, I can tell you. The only new dress I had all that year was the green gingham one I was speaking about. After I got it on I really could n't stay in the house, so I asked my Mamma if I could go out and play. I was a pretty good little child, and I really did n't intend to go any farther; but in the city of Washington — that is where we lived — the air is very soft and the streets are broad and clean and beautiful, and without intending to be bad at all I strolled away in my little clean gingham dress and my white sun-bonnet and my copper-toed shoes,—on out of our quiet street. You must know that the house where I lived was just a funny little cottage, so small that if it had n't been for the big garden around, you would n't have noticed it. We had three cows in the barn, and Mamma sold milk to the neighbors. You see we were really very poor. I did n't very often go for a walk, for Mamma was too busy to take me, and my brothers were big restless boys not willing to bother with a very little girl who did n't understand the first thing about marbles, and who never said much, but only stared.

"The street I walked along had beautiful houses on both sides and they stood in the midst of gardens. These gardens had tall trees and some of them were in blossom at the time of which I speak. There were lawns too, and fountains, and beds of flowers different from those that grew in our garden, and the beds were so proper that one would have been afraid to pick a flower for fear of spoiling them. As I stood looking at one of these shady gardens I heard some grand music, and down the street came a troop of marching soldiers with bright new uniforms on. A lot of men and boys were running beside them, and after them came a great many children. It seems to me that I went almost crazy as I stood watching them pass. The music was so grand that sometimes I thought I wanted to cry, and again I wanted to laugh, or to walk very hard, or even do something splendid. I was only four and a half, but I felt quite as large as any one of those soldiers. So of course I followed the other children, and a big boy took hold of my hand. We went along singing 'Rally Round the Flag, Boys,' he in a very deep voice, and I in a very little one. After a time I got tired and told the big boy so. He sat me down on a large stone beside a carriage gate and told me he thought I had better go home. Then he took three nails from his pocket and gave them to me to play with. It was so very warm that I became quite sleepy and my throat was so dry that I began to long for my glass of milk. My Mamma often gave glasses of milk to little children who were passing by, so I thought I would go into the house and see if the Mamma in there would give me one. It was a large white house with pillars running up in front, and the door seemed so wide that I decided not to go to it, but went around some beautiful walks to a side door under a porch which was covered with vines. I knocked and knocked, but no one came, so I thought the Mamma might be washing dishes or something and did n't hear me, and as the door was open, I went right in. I was surprised to find how fine the walls were, and that the rooms were so long, and filled with such wonderful things, but I only felt more sure of getting my glass of milk. I tried several of the chairs and at last I got a very large one of blue velvet that felt as soft as my own little kitty at home; so I undid my sun-bonnet and laid it on the floor, and thinking I would wait for the Mamma to come, I fell asleep.

"When I woke up I saw some men sitting at the other end of the room around a large writing-table. I listened for a long time, and although I heard every word they said, I could n't in the least understand what they were talking about. There were seven of them all together, and one very tall man I thought must own the house, because, though he talked no more than the rest, the others seemed to look up to him. His face was rather sad, and he would n't have been at all nice to look at if he had n't looked so kind, and every little while he said something that made all the others laugh. For all that, they all seemed very serious, and one of them groaned once and put his head between his hands. Then they all looked at some maps and one of the men got up and walked the floor very fast. He was a man with a long beard and a pair of spectacles. He spoke sternly to the others, even to the man with the kind face. He kept walking the room, and at last walked right down to the chair where I lay. He said, —

"'Great Heavens! Where did this young one come from?' and I said, —

"'I wish you would get me a glass of milk, please.' Then all the men laughed very hard and I got up and put on my sun-bonnet, and held out my hand; but the man with the spectacles did n't offer to take it at all, so I walked up to the tall man who had a big mole on his cheek and said, —

"'Don't you keep a cow?' The tall man laughed and put me on his knee, but then he seemed to forget all about me, and said, —

"'That reminds me of a story about a woman in Illinois,' and he told a story which all the men seemed to think very funny, but the man who was walking the floor looked at his watch and said:

"'It is getting late,' and sat down in his chair as if he meant to do a lot of business right off. So the tall man carried me to the door and called out, 'Tad! Tad!' till a little boy who was somewhat taller than I came running up and the man said, —

"'Take this little girl and get her a drink of milk and then play out in the yard till I come.' He said it quite low, as if he did n't want the men in the room to hear what he said. So the little boy took me into a great kitchen where there were negroes with white caps on their heads. The little boy said, 'What is your name?' and I said, 'Josie;' and he said, 'My name is Tad.' One of the big black women asked me where I came from, but Tad said, —

"'Don't bother, Auntie. Get us both something to eat, for I am hungry, too.' So we went out on the back porch and talked to each other till the woman with the white turban brought us each a glass of milk and a large slice of bread with butter and honey on it, served nicely on a salver covered with a napkin. She tied white napkins under our chins, and went away muttering to herself.

"'She does n't know where you came from,' said Tad, laughing.

"'Oh!' said I, 'I came from home.'

"'What have you got at home?' said Tad.

"'Chickens,' said I.

"'What else?'

"'Oh, a swing.'

"'Have you a Papa?'

"'Papa 's in the army.'

"'Is he a general?'

"'I guess so, he 's real nice.'

"'That was my Papa that brought you out in the hall.'

"'He seems awful good.'

"'Yes,' said Tad, 'he would be, only he 's so busy. He plays ball with me on the lawn sometimes. Do you play ball?' I said I did; so we both went on the lawn and played for quite a long time. Then Tad's Papa came out, and asked me where I lived, and who I was. When I had answered him he said, 'Well, Josie, here comes the carriage; I 'll tell the driver where you live and you can ride home.' He lifted me into the carriage and held Tad up to kiss me, and then said, —

"'If your mother asks you where you were, tell her you have been attending a cabinet meeting. Can you remember that?' I said I thought I could, and he spoke to the driver and we rolled out of the great yard into the street and away. It was a beautiful carriage, and a man sat in front on a high seat to drive and another sat behind. They were dressed just alike and looked as if they had on their very best clothes. The horses were great brown creatures with a sparkling harness. I sat in the soft cushions very upright indeed, for I was almost afraid of spoiling something. I saw all the people stopping to look as the carriage rolled by, and pointing at the carriage and laughing. As we turned up the street where I lived, the children all stopped their play and ran along after the carriage staring at me, and calling out,—

"'Oh, see Josie in th' Pres'dent's car'age!' I did n't look to the right or left until the carriage stopped before the dear old garden, and Mamma came running out, looking very much scared. The man who rode behind jumped down and opened the door, and Mamma took me out saying, —

"'Where have you been, you dear, naughty child?' Remembering what the sad-faced man said, I answered, 'I 've been to a cabinet meeting, Mamma!' Several men who had collected about

laughed at this and Mamma said, half laughing, half crying, —

"'What on earth is the child talking about?' But a man said, 'She 's right, I guess; that's the President's turn-out.' And Mamma thanked the driver as he drove off, and we went into the house where I told her the story pretty much as I have told it to you. I think that was the first time that a little girl, or a big girl either, ever attended a cabinet meeting."

RUTH, THE GLEANER.

The picture on the outside of this number of Every Other Sunday represents a scene that is familiar to every one who has read the beautiful story of Ruth in the Old Testament. We see the lovely maiden gleaning in the harvest fields. Near by stands her kinsman and future lover, the noble Boaz. He is telling one of his servants to let Ruth continue to gather the scattered grain-stalks, and to have some of the reapers occasionally drop a few stalks "on purpose" for the maiden to glean. In the background is the train of camels with which Boaz had been travelling.

Our readers will do well to read the whole of the charming story as it is given in the Book of Ruth. They will then be prepared to enjoy the following poem, which finely expresses the lesson of our picture: —

WHERE HAST THOU GLEANED TO-DAY?

BY CAROLINE A. SPALDING.

Hast thou wandered far from the "reapers"
In search of perfume and flowers?
Hast thou lingered by murmuring waters,
Or slept in the vine-wreathed bowers?
Will thy measure of worthless blossoms
Half hidden by withering leaves
Be a fitting gift for the Master,
In place of the golden sheaves?

Hast thou climbed the towering mountain
With its dazzling robe of light,
And sought for the fruit of the harvest
On its cold and barren height?
The pæans of Fame die in echoes,
And its thorny crowns bring pain;
But not on the mountain's summit
Canst thou gather the ripening grain.

Hast thou sighed for power and station,
And sought in the hidden mine
For the glittering heaps of treasure
That there in the darkness shine?
Ah! not the wealth of the Indies
Must the toiling reaper bring,
But the "gleaning" of whitened harvests
For the Master's offering.

Hast thou wandered far into marshes,
Where the poisonous waters flow,
Where the air is heavy with vapors,
And the deadly nightshades grow?
Is thy pure brow clouded with shadows,
Thy sandals defiled with clay?
In fields of sin and temptation,
Alas! hast thou gleaned to-day?

Or hast thou brought joy to the reaper,
And strength to the sinking heart;
Extended a hand to the hopeless;
Bade the erring in peace depart?
Hast thou self and its pleasures forgotten,
While seeking thy neighbor to bless?
Hast thou crowned e'en the undeserving
With thy heart's sweet tenderness?

Reaper, the eventide cometh!
Soon shall thy gleaning be o'er.
The laborers' songs of rejoicing
Tell of the plenteous store.
Bring forth thy sheaves to the Master;
So shall thy golden grain,
In the fields by the emerald waters,
Blossom in beauty again!

LESSONS IN CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHY, AND STUDIES OF HYMNS.

In place of the usual column of *History and Biography*, we give in this number of our paper a specimen lesson from a new Sunday-School Quarterly, prepared by the Secretary of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society. Each number of the Quarterly will contain ten lessons on as many hymns, selected from the "Hymn and Tune Book" (Revised Edition) used in most of our Unitarian churches. The hymns themselves are printed on cards to accompany the Lesson-Quarterly. The method which is followed in these lessons will be clearly understood from the specimen which is given below. The hymn to be learned is indicated by its first line. Then the *subject* of the hymn is stated. After this come references to Scripture-passages in which the truths contained in the hymn are variously illustrated. Following these references are the titles of books, manuals, tracts, etc., in which the lessons of the hymn are more fully set forth. The "Teachings" referred to are "The Teachings of Jesus," one of the recent manuals of the Sunday-School Society. Then comes a short biography of the author of the hymn, into which are sometimes woven stories of the incidents or experiences by which the hymn was first suggested to the writer. After this, references are given to other favorite hymns by the same author, and also to other good hymns by different writers, which convey the same thoughts as the Lesson-hymn.

It is hoped that the use of this new Quarterly by Sunday-school classes, or by classes for religious study in our churches, may acquaint our young people with some of the choicest specimens of Christian hymns, lead them to a deeper study of the truths which these hymns express, and introduce them to the "goodly fellowship" of hymn-writers of every Christian denomination, whose lives have often been far nobler poems than any which they have given to the world to sing.

I.

"God is love: his mercy brightens."
No. 306. Tune: *Stockwell.*

(Also in Sunday-School Hymnal, No. 48, set to tune, *Sophia.*)

Subject: God's changeless love and merciful guidance.

Illustrative Scripture. — Ver. 1: 1 John iv. 16; Rom. xi. 33. — Ver. 2: Ps. ciii. 15-17. — Ver. 3: Ps. xlii. 5, 7, 8. — Ver. 4: Ps. cxxvi. 5, 6.

Illustrative Readings. — "Teachings," p. 139, §§ 5, 6. A sermon on "God's Love," by Dr. Dewey (Dewey's Works, American Unitarian Association edition, p. 214). A. U. A. Tracts, Fourth Series, No. 1, "God the Father," by Rev. Andrew P. Peabody, D.D.

Sir John Bowring, the author of this hymn, was born in Exeter, England, in 1792, and died in 1872. Having received the rudiments of education at the grammar school of Moreton, Hampstead, he was employed by his father from the age of fourteen in his trade, — the manufacture of coarse woollens. Young Bowring had a passionate love of study, and devoted his leisure hours to severe intellectual labors. His ability in acquiring languages was remarkable; in a few years he had mastered French, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, German, Dutch, and other foreign tongues. In early manhood, while still continuing his business career as clerk in a mercantile house at Exeter, Bowring wrote political articles for the "Westminster Review," edited a complete edition of Bentham's Works, wrote a Memoir of that famous author, and published numerous translations of poetical specimens from almost every European language. A great portion of his time, from the age of twenty to thirty, was passed in foreign lands. During this period, and in later years of foreign residence, he not only perfected his knowledge of languages, but also engaged extensively in official missions to various Continental countries. For his superior scholarship he received, in 1828, the title of LL.D. from the University of Groningen; and in recognition of his eminent services in public and official relations he received, in 1854, the honor of knighthood. His public services and philanthropic labors gave renown to the history of England for over half a century, and in all benevolent and Christian enterprises he was indefatigable.

By education and conviction, Sir John Bowring was a devoted Unitarian. In early life he had a strong desire to become a minister; but his service as a layman to the cause of his religion was probably even greater than that which he might have rendered as a preacher. "His ideas of God," says Lady Bowring, "were full of beauty and trust; his views of man, bright and hopeful; his confidence in the future, radiant with light. His whole soul thrilled at the contemplation of the work of the Divine hand in Nature; and he loved to recognize in the prevalence of the reign of law and order evidence of the unity and universal wisdom of God." His devotional sentiments early found an outlet in his hymns, and "at eighty years of age his morning tribute of praise constantly broke forth in sacred song." It is pleasant to be able to add, in commending these hymns to young people, that their illustrious author was throughout his long life a lover of children and a friend to the young. Not only did he help them in their studies and delight them by telling his fascinating stories of travel and adventure, but he also took a personal interest in young men of promise, many of whom he started in careers of honorable usefulness. Within a few days of his death he was engaged upon a collection of "Hymns for Children." His last act was one of kindness; his last intelligible words expressed his gratitude to those who ministered to him. His body was buried in the New Cemetery in Exeter, and on the stone which marks his grave is this line from one of his own hymns, —

"In the cross of Christ I glory."

The best Memoir of Bowring is that by Lady Bowring, prefixed to a Memorial volume of her husband's Sacred Poetry, published by Longmans, London, 1873.

Bowring's best-known hymns are: —

"Father, Thy paternal care." 318.
"Watchman, tell us of the night." 336.
"In the cross of Christ I glory." 372.
"How sweetly flowed the Gospel's sound!" 408.
"Thy will be done! In devious way." 866.
"From the recesses of a lowly spirit." 873.

The following hymns convey the same thoughts as Bowring's "God is love": —

"Blest be Thy love, dear Lord." 63. John Austin.
"Father, to Thy kind love we owe." 225. Bryant.
"Thou Grace divine, encircling all." 304. Eliza Scudder.
"Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!" 331. Watts.
"Thou hidden love of God, whose height." 491. John Wesley, *Trans.*

Our Letter-Box.

We have not yet heard from the many summer pleasure-seekers who mean — we feel sure — to write us. But we have already some interesting communications for the Letter-Box. The first tells us what one Sunday-school has done in a missionary spirit; the second shows the same desire to make some one else happy. It will interest our readers to know that Enigma II. helped some weary hours pass pleasantly, as its writer was sick when she composed it. Now it goes out in Every Other Sunday to please and divert other little sufferers. It is certain always that what is done with a desire to please others makes the doer happy.

Berlin, July 6, 1887.

Mr. Editor:

Dear Sir, — Seven members of the Berlin Unitarian Sunday-School attended the convention held at Westboro', June 16. I was very much interested in the address of the Secretary of the Sunday-School Society. The following Sabbath I told the children in the Sunday school about the work which the Unitarian Sunday-School Society were doing, and asked each scholar to bring five cents as a contribution to that work. Last Sunday nearly every child brought five cents. I think not more than two or three forgot about it. The amount collected was one dollar and seventy-five cents, which please find enclosed. Very truly yours,

Mary A. Bassett, Sup't.

Dear Editor, — I saw in the Every Other Sunday an account of a little girl who had a broken limb, and how she liked to read the letters from the children. I am going to write one, and perhaps it may make some little girl happy. I hope so. I have not so many pets as some little girls who write to you, but I can get plenty of books out of the Sunday-school library, and I have the good Every Other Sunday to read, which I like better than many pets. I have not sent in any answers to the puzzles, although I get out a great many. I like to look up verses in the Bible, given in the Every Other Sunday. I send you a puzzle which I hope some of the children will try and get. L. M. C.

ENIGMA I.

I am composed of 10 letters.
My 1, 6, 7, is a fish.
My 3, 2, 10, is what some people are always wanting.
My 5, 9, 8, is a vehicle.
My 5, 9, 3, 4, is an article of dress.
My whole is a bay on the coast of Massachusetts.

L. M. C.

ENIGMA II.

I am composed of 52 letters, and my whole is a couplet.
My 29, 45, 3, 13, is what every boy should be to animals.
My 27, 39, 2, is a wicked thing to do.
My 1, 11, 8, 42, is a quadruped.
My 18, 4, 25, is a preposition.
My 6, 24, 28, 5, is a child without a home.
My 44, 28, 41, 40, is a document.
My 1, 7, 10, 21, 37, was a prophet.
My 1, 28, 31, 14, 7, 36, 26, 16, 46, 50, is a sweet-scented flower.
My 52, 48, 4, 8, 9, is a weapon.
My 12, 11, 14, is a name sometimes given to a goat.
My 19, 15, is an active verb.
My 47, 30, 48, is to cut.
My 43, 32, 33, 16, is something to throw.
My 51, 32, 14, 22, 49, 27, 39, 17, 12, is a wild-flower.
My 44, 35, 23, 46, is a point of compass.
My 34, 30, 11, 38, 36, 50, 52, 37, is not to be desired.

Alice D. Colburn, 12 years old.

AN OLD TESTAMENT ENIGMA

ON THE LIFE OF JOSEPH.

I am composed of 44 letters.
My 38, 3, 11, 27, 37, 20, is where Joseph lived.
My 10, 26, 16, 37, 13, 4, his father was called.
My 24, 27, 38, 2, 14, 36, was his mother's name.
My 15, 24, 34, 27, 28, 1, Joseph had, which angered his brothers.
My 1, 8, 36, 12, is what they did to him.
My 35, 7, 37, 16, 27, 21, 33, became his master.
My 18, 31, 5, 17, 24, 35, 16, 39, 32, 23, 44, — 12, 24, 17, 37, 28, 1, Joseph did for the king.
My 16, 9, 36, 13, 24, the king made him in payment.
My 19, 16, 34, 3, 6, — 41, 3, 28, 30, 11, 14, came while he was ruler.
My 38, 40, 24, 31, his brothers came to buy of Joseph.
My 1, 29, 36, 22, 13, 16, — 38, 25, 35, Joseph put into Benjamin's bag.
My 19, 43, 1, 33, 14, 11, Joseph gave to his father and brothers.
My 42, 8, 21, 44, Joseph and Pharaoh were to them.
My whole is composed of two questions: One given by the brothers to Joseph in his childhood; the other by Joseph to them in his old age.

Y.

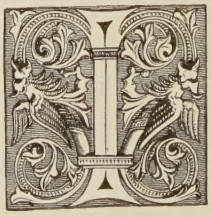
BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. What other name is given to the Feast of Tabernacles, and why was it so called?
2. What were its purposes?
3. What were its special features?
4. What were the sacrifices offered?
5. How were the booths built, and how long did the festival last?

For Youngest Readers.

"HER."

BY M. E. P.



AM going to tell you about a little maiden, a little flaxen-haired maiden, — one who has travelled far. I have told you something about her twice before, so I'll let you guess her name.

She has just come home in time to spend her fourth birthday with her Mamma and Papa, who have not seen her for nine long weeks, and this is how it happened.

Mamma was very ill for a long time, and the house had to be kept very quiet, so the little girl went into the next house to visit her aunties; but every day she made Mamma a call, and kept very quiet while in the room that she might not disturb her; and Mamma liked to have her little girl come to see her, pat her face with her soft hands, and comfort her.

Papa told her one day that when Mamma got better he was going to take her away to make her all well, and that she (the little girl) was going to Boston with her aunties, and when she came home again she would find Mamma. This made such an impression on her that she talked a great deal about going, and finding Mamma when she got back; and she frequently asked, "When is *her* going away?" "Where is *her* going?" or "When is *her* coming home?" Finally, "her" got better and went with Papa on a four-weeks' sea voyage to southern lands.

The day they came home the little girl went to Boston with her aunties, and they passed each other on the cars. Do you wonder why she went the very day Mamma came home? That was because Mamma was to have a nice long rest.

Both trains stopped for a half hour at the same place, so Mamma had a glimpse of her little girl, and wanted to speak to her very, very much. But Mamma knew if the little girl saw her she would want to come home with her; and the aunties had been looking forward to that trip for a year, and Mamma did not like to disappoint them. So she only looked at her little girl and sent her some fruit, and the little girl thought the fruit came from "way off home."

The little girl visited seven or eight different places with her good aunties, and saw little cousins and big cousins and people to whom she had endeared herself on former travels. At some of the places there were little girls and boys to play with her, and at one place she had a ride in a goat-cart.

Mamma and Papa put some money in a "pearce" for her before she went away, and she went into the big toy stores shopping. She bought a pug dog and other things, and then thought she needed new dresses for her dolls. So the clerk took some down to show, and she selected one for Ruth and one for Dora. Then the aunties took up another one and asked her if Fanny wanted that one, and she said, "Yes; I asked Fanny if her wanted that, and her said her wanted it awfully." So she got it, but told the aunties they had better pay for the dresses, as she had not money enough in her "pearce." Then she bought a ball, which was handed to her without any paper; and she told the clerk, with a good deal of dignity, that she would "like a paper on it, please."

She went to church for the first time, of which she felt very proud. She spoke out loud but once, and then only to ask, "What are they going to do next?"

She wrote real nice letters to her Mamma; this is one of them: —

Dear Mamma, — I'se having a nice time. I went to church to-day. I got hungry, though, and Dodo went home with me, and we got a cracker; and then we went back to church and Sunday-school. I bought a new ball. I lost my other ball. I went to see a kitty, and her did n't have any tail. Don't you fink 'at is funny? I'se in a hurry.

Your dear daughter,

G——.

Now she is at home, and such nice times as she and Mamma are having together! for Mamma is "all 'ell."

IN THE LIBRARY.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

THE STORY OF THE FROGS.

BY MRS. ABBIE M. GANNETT.

GREEN reeds waving by ponds and brooksides and no croaking notes of the frogs, — how strange that would seem! So, no doubt, thought some idler of the Greek meadows many and many centuries ago, while straightway his imagination shaped a story of how the frogs came to be. If he were a poet, he sang it to the wondering children, and the older folks, too.

As it was often re-told, people got to think it real; and by-and-by it found a place in that charming early history of the Greeks.

Something like this may have been the fancy of the saunterer, while he enjoyed the sweet air, bright waters, and blue hills of his sunny land:

One afternoon some countrymen were gathering osiers and willows by the side of a beautiful, shaded pond. They were ignorant, rude people, and thoughts of greed were about all that filled their minds. There was much quarrelling among them, therefore, as to who should have the best and straightest wands.

They were surprised to see approaching them a noble-looking woman, bearing in her arms two lovely babes, — a boy and girl. Though so dusty and tired, she had the air of a queen as she bent down and tried to scoop up some water in the hollow of her hand to drink.

The rude rustics turned from their disputes with one another to vent their displeasure upon her.

"Who gave you leave to drink from our pond?" cried several; and one, rougher than the rest, dashed the water from her palm before it had moistened her parched lips.

"Water is free to all," said the woman, with dignity, "as is light and air."

"Not this water," said one.

Then two or three with their bundles of wands began stirring up the mud on the edge of the pond that it might be unfit for drinking.

"Beware what you do!" said the stranger, with sternness. "In offending me whom you do not know, you may offend powers whose good-will you wish to keep."

She looked upward with reverence, raising her hand as if she had power to call help from above. Two or three of the men thought then they saw a shimmering glory above the head of the boy, like the rays that shoot up before the sun appears, also a milder glow above the head of the girl. But it did not deter them from their bad intentions.

"This is our pond," cried they, "and no one shall drink of it unless we choose!" Then they all stirred up the water until you would have thought a day's rain had fallen.

"Can these be men?" exclaimed the woman, while her face wore the majesty of a goddess. "The meanest creatures Jove has made know not such malice! Far better would it be had they not human forms, but only those capable of living in the mud they have made of this pure water."

Even while she spoke the heavens darkened, and each countryman felt pass over him a fearful, mysterious sensation. But they still kept railing at her, yet each voice grew harsher, sounding more like the grating made by rocks against each other than human speech.

While overcome by wonder and dread, each felt his head and body shrinking together, his arms drawn down to the earth and becoming short legs with webbed feet; every breast protruded, and every back changed to a mottled green and brown. Not one could resist the impulse to leap forward into the mud. Splash! Splash! And the frogs took possession of what they had so meanly prepared for the distress of another.

Latona, with her divine babes, Apollo and Diana, journeyed on until she should reach water not guarded by such cruel hearts in human shape.

But the frogs? Ever after they continued to keep up the hoarse croakings into which their human speech had been changed. Other rustics, missing their neighbors, — though perhaps recognizing their voices in the pond, — built an altar near, doubtless to propitiate the offended powers and hoping to see them restored. But it was as true then as it always will be, that not by others' prayers, but by their own penitence, aspiration and earnest efforts, must those who have become vile be restored to goodness.

BESSIE'S VISIT TO ELF-LAND.

BY F. B.

THE old apple-orchard was a delightful place on a summer afternoon. The long branches of the trees drooped nearly to the ground, shutting out the hot rays of the sun; merry robin-redbreasts hopped gayly about, picking up bugs and worms for their afternoon lunch; insects hummed in the air or chirped in the grass. Over the wall could be seen the garden, with its rows of stately hollyhocks in full bloom. Pinks, mignonette, sweet-william, larkspur, and many other old-fashioned flowers nodded in the soft breeze, and the golden-winged butterflies flitted from one to another, tasting the sweets of each. Altogether it was a calm, restful scene, such as might have soothed the angry spirits even of a savage; but a very unhappy little girl sat in the hammock which hung between two of the trees, swinging her feet to and fro, with her mind full of unpleasant thoughts.

She would have been a pretty child if she had not looked so cross. She had bright brown eyes, a clear complexion, a well-shaped nose and mouth, and remarkably long and thick brown hair, which was braided in two pigtails tied with blue ribbons, hanging down her back far below her waist. She wore a blue gingham dress, fresh and cool, with a broad-brimmed straw hat lying on the grass beside her. She was a little city girl, come to visit her grandmother at the old farmhouse where her father and all his brothers and sisters were born.

"I think Grandma is real mean!" muttered this little girl to herself. "She never lets me do a single thing I want to, and I know I should have a *splendid* time riding home on the hay-cart. Mamma always used to when she was a little girl, for she told me so herself. I know she would let me go if she were only here," and the tears poured down Bessie's cheeks. "I just wish I was a fairy, and I'd turn Grandma into a little girl about eight years old, and I'd be a grown woman myself, and I would n't let her do a single thing she wanted to, so there!"

At this moment a slight but peculiar noise attracted Bessie's attention. It appeared to come from the roots of an old tree a few feet away. Springing from the hammock, she ran to explore the place. Brushing aside the long grass, she discovered a round hole. "I do believe that 's a rabbit's hole," said Bessie to herself, forgetting her woes. "Perhaps if I watch I 'll see him;" and throwing herself on the ground beside the hole she waited and listened.

Soon she heard a low murmur, which gradually grew louder until she thought she could distinguish the sound of many voices. The voices were high and shrill, and seemed to be talking all together. Before long she could distinguish such words as these: "She 's a bad child!" "Deserves to be punished!" "Let 's drag her down the staircase!" "How are you going to do it?" "Catch hold of her pigtails and pull her down!" and many other exclamations.

Bessie tried to jump up and run away, but she could not move; it seemed as though she were glued to the earth. Suddenly she felt the long braids of her hair seized by many small but strong hands, and was aware that she was being dragged into the hole.

She tried to scream but could make no sound. Down, down, down, through a long, dark passage, she was pulled, until her captors came to a high wall upon which they knocked loudly. A door was immediately thrown open, and Bessie's eyes were nearly blinded by the sudden glare which blazed upon them.

She was in a large room which seemed to be hollowed out of the earth. It was blazing with the light of hundreds of torches, which light was reflected and multiplied by many piles of glistening metals. In the centre of the room was a high throne of burnished gold or copper, on which was seated a tiny old man with a gold crown on his head and a sceptre in his hand. He had a long white beard reaching far below his knees, and very bright black eyes.

As soon as Bessie became a little accustomed to the glare of the room she glanced timidly around, and beheld myriads of tiny creatures, old and wizened, but very nimble and active, all dressed alike in close-fitting suits of a dull brown color, exactly like a withered leaf. They wore tall, pointed caps on their heads, and most of them had pickaxes, spades, or shovels in their hands.

Bessie had often heard stories of the little elves, or brownies, who live in the centre of the earth, and who seldom leave their subterranean abode excepting in the darkness of the night; and she knew at once that she had been brought to their home, and that the little old man on the throne must be the Elf-King.

Now, this happened to be the exact hour of the day when all the elves assembled before their King to receive his instructions for the night (for elves, as you know, always do their work at night); so the whole community was assembled in the throne-room. Great was the commotion and excitement when Bessie was dragged into the place. The little fellows crowded about her with shrill inquiries as to how and why she came to be there, and the old King rose on his throne and in a stern voice demanded the cause of the intrusion.

"Please your Majesty," said a brisk fellow who had been foremost in Bessie's capture, "this is a very naughty child whom we have brought to you for punishment."

"And what wrong thing has she done?" asked the King.

"She 's wilful and disobedient!" "She thinks she knows more than anybody else!" "She pouts and sulks when she can't have her own way!" spoke up several voices at once.

"Silence!" said the King, sternly. "Let Hop-o'-my-thumb tell me about this and let no one interrupt. Now, Hop-o'-my-thumb, what particular charge do you bring against this child?"

"Please your Majesty," replied the elf, bowing low, "all the charges mentioned by the others are true; but the special charge to-day is impertinence to her grandmother, because she refused to allow her to go to the meadow and ride home on the hay-cart. This child used very bad language; said her grandmother was mean, and never wanted her to have a good time; never did anything to make her happy."

"What!" interrupted the King. "Not that kind grandmother who nursed her night and day through the scarlet fever, and who is always thinking what she can do to please her; who makes saucer-pies and little cakes and even ice-cream when she has her little friends come to see her! You don't mean to say she is saucy to her?"

"Yes, Sire. I regret to say that she is."

"What shall be done to such a child?" exclaimed the King.

Here a perfect babel of voices arose. "Keep her here for our slave!" "Cut off the long pig-tails which she is so proud of!" "Give her seven lashes!" etc.

In the midst of the confusion a very old elf (he looked a *thousand* years old at the very least) signified his wish to speak.

"Silence! Hear what Grimalkin has to say," commanded the King.

All eyes were turned to the old elf, who was evidently held in great respect by the others.

"Please your Majesty," said he, "the reports of my brethren are all true, but nevertheless I have something to say in favor of this child. It is true she is often naughty; but she has a kind heart, and loves all harmless living creatures. The other day I was hiding behind a bush near night-fall, when two boys came along with a squirrel. They had a string tied to its legs, and were intending to put it in a cage. But this child happened to meet them, and she begged so hard for its freedom that they finally sold it to her for ten cents, and she set it free and let it go to its home in the woods. Last week she found a poor kitten with a lame foot, caused by a stone which some cruel boy had thrown at her; and she carried the suffering creature home and nursed and fed her until she is now quite well. And it was only yesterday that she saw a young robin fall from its nest, and she climbed the tree and tenderly put it back again."

On hearing this statement a low murmur of approval ran through the room, and the old King said, —.

"Thanks, Grimalkin, for your defence of the prisoner. We elves are always rejoiced to know mortals who are kind to dumb creatures; and in this case these little acts of kindness shall go far to mitigate the punishment which might otherwise be meted out. Grimalkin, you are a wise counsellor. What do you advise in this matter?"

"Please your Majesty," replied the wise old elf, "I would let her go on probation; and perhaps after this experience we may never have cause to complain of her again."

"What say you, my subjects?" said the King, turning to the assembled multitude. "Shall we follow Grimalkin's advice, and let her go unpunished?"

"Ay! Ay! Let her go! Let her go!" came with one voice from the elves.

"Take her back, then, and leave her where you found her," commanded the King. And Bessie felt herself seized again by the small strong hands and carried up, up, up (but far more gently than she was borne down), until she finally felt the cool air of the outer world blowing on her face, and was laid on the grass beside the tree.

She started to her feet, rubbing her eyes. Surely that was the top of a peaked brown cap just disappearing down the hole!

Bessie didn't stop to investigate, but ran quickly towards the house, where she found her grandmother standing by the door with a bell in her hand, just ready to ring for supper. She rushed up to her, and putting her arm around her neck, whispered, "Dear Grandma, I'm sorry I spoke so impolitely to you this afternoon. Please forgive me."

Grandma was much astonished at this unlooked-for occurrence, and wondered at Bessie's unusual penitence; but never a word did the little girl say in explanation of it. But a couple of hours later, when her mother had returned and was putting her to bed, Bessie related to her all the experiences of the afternoon.

"Oh, Mamma!" she said, when her story was ended, "do you really suppose I went to Elf-Land?"

"I think it more likely you went to Dream-Land, my dear," replied her mother; "but whether to Dream-Land or Elf-Land, I am very glad if my little girl has learned a lesson of obedience and politeness which she will always remember."

A TRUE STORY.

BY MRS. M. R. F. GILMAN.

HAVE any of the readers of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY ever seen a cannibal? Have they ever seen any one who *has* seen a cannibal? We feel very sure that both these questions will be answered negatively; and so we ask them to be all eyes, or all ears, while we tell them a story told us by an English gentleman who has seen, lived among, taught and preached to, those hideous man-eating creatures we call cannibals.

In the year 1856 an English naval officer, whose vessel lay at anchor not far from Vancouver's Island and British Columbia, saw a most fearful sight. Streaming down toward the beach was a band of half-naked, painted savages. The two leaders were stark naked, and gave forth frightful shrieks and yells, while the others followed, making all sorts of unearthly noises. They were in search of the body of a recently murdered man, which had been flung into the sea. The tide was low, and they knew the body would be cast on the shore. When they had found the dreadful object of their search, they seized it, tore it in pieces, and divided it among themselves, retiring from the shore to indulge in their sickening feast. It was in the name of their gods and their religion that these fearful rites were observed; and the worthy sea-captain was so horrified with the revolting spectacle he had witnessed, that he sent a petition to an English missionary society, begging earnestly that a Christian missionary might be sent to teach these poor ignorant wretches some higher religion. But who could be found to undertake such a dangerous task?

Men or women who are willing to sacrifice their lives for others are not very common in this century. However, the story of these ignorant savages was made public, and some unknown friend offered £500 ($2,500) to pay the expenses of any one who would go out to teach this tribe Christianity. That was the first step, for the expenses of such a journey were great. But the next step was taken when a certain young man, Mr. William Duncan, offered to go out himself and to do all he could to elevate these poor miserable people. Mr. Duncan went out to British Columbia to teach these savages that God was a loving Father, and that those who would learn to know Him must strive to follow the commandments of Jesus Christ. He went without being ordained a minister in any Christian denomination, but simply consecrated himself to the service of God and of his fellow-men. He believed that those savage men on the other side of the world were his brothers, and that he had a gospel of good tidings to carry to them.

It was in October, 1857, that Mr. Duncan arrived at Fort Simpson, which is a station of the Hudson Bay Company consisting of a few dwelling-houses surrounded by a palisade of posts sunk into the ground. Along the top of the palisade runs a platform, on which the garrison can exercise, and from which they can overlook the country for a long distance. The Indian camp, consisting of two hundred and fifty wooden houses and a population of twenty-five hundred Indians, stretched along on each side of the fort.

Mr. Duncan's first difficulty was to master the Indian language. He had to learn to speak "Tsimsheeam," a very hard language. He had no grammar and no dictionary; but he sent for an Indian, named "Clah," and by means of a process much like our game of "Dumb Crambo," soon succeeded in learning the meanings of fifteen hundred words, which he then wrote down. Next, by various contrivances, by partly acting and partly making signs, he learned eleven hundred short sentences, and after these two feats he began to progress very fast.

"Clah" was proud of his position as teacher, and used to take his pupil with him into the Indian camp, when groups of Indians would gather around the white man, who was soon known to have come a long distance to teach them in their own tongue.

While Mr. Duncan was going about with "Clah" and making friends with the other Indians, he was also studying them and their habits. He found that they had all sorts of heathenish habits and customs. The cannibals of the tribe were called the "medicine men." They numbered one tenth of every tribe, and were continually initiating new men into their fiendish rites. The lessons these "medicine men" gave their pupils were strange and awful. Early in the morning, the youth who desired to become a cannibal must take off all his clothes and go down to the beach, no matter how cold the weather was, and begin screaming, and jerking his head until a crowd gathered around him, encircled him, and began to chant a wild song with him. If the young man was learning to be a "dog-eater," a dead dog was dragged into the midst of the circle, and the pupil was taught to begin tearing the animal's flesh, while he imitated the dog's bark and growl. Before and after this initiation the pupil was expected to pass several days alone in the woods communing with the supernatural powers, who were supposed to be propitiated by these unnatural orgies. As a grand finale to the proceeding, the pupil was required to give away everything he had in the world, — houses, clothes, and trinkets of every sort.

Over and over again Mr. Duncan was a witness of these scenes. The "medicine men" had great power in the tribe, and were reverenced almost like priests. If there were no dead bodies for

them, they would bite from the arm or leg of a living man or woman. At times, when a number of them came forth in a frenzied condition and there was no human flesh for them, the whole population of the Indian village would take their canoes and get away from land as fast as possible, to save their lives and limbs.

After the good missionary had been among the Indians nearly a year, he gave his first public address in the house of a chief. He dreaded that day long before it came, and read over his address to his teacher, "Clah," to make certain that it was intelligible. You may be sure the words he spoke were very simple. There was nothing doctrinal in that sermon. It was the beautiful religion of Jesus Christ that he preached to those savages, and it had a wonderful effect. The Indians did not become civilized Christians directly. They had to overcome many bad habits first, and Mr. Duncan came near losing his life many, many times at the hands of the "medicine men." But one by one this earnest, faithful man at last succeeded in winning the savages to be followers of Christ. He tells a story of being asked to preach to a new tribe. On his arrival he found the chief had ordered a dance to be given in the stranger's honor. Mr. Duncan had come to preach and pray, not to attend a wild orgy. But the chief said: "If you do not come to my dance, *I* will not come to your speech." So Mr. Duncan went to the dance, and followed the dance by his sermon and prayer. That same chief died a Christian, and many of the "medicine men" died lamenting the ignorance which had driven them into cannibalism.

Thus this devoted man labored among these poor Indians for thirty years. Probably no missionary that ever lived has accomplished more wonderful results. He visited Boston recently, and it was then that he told some of us of his noble experiment and its marvellous success.

Instead of that old Indian camp which Mr. Duncan saw at the Metakatlah settlement thirty years ago, the visitor to-day will see a model Indian village. There are six hundred houses, all with gardens. There is a neat school-house built by the natives, and a church, where Mr. Duncan reads a service in English and preaches in the Indian language. Mr. Duncan teaches school, acts as magistrate, assists the natives in building their houses and cultivating their gardens, overlooks the village store, settles all disputes, and is, in fact, the good genius of the village.

Some of his young men he is training to be preachers and some teachers, so that when he leaves them they may take care of themselves. There are now in Metakaltah more than a thousand educated, well-trained Christian Indians; and Mr. Duncan has come to the United States to ask our Government to accept these people as citizens, because the British Government wants to take away their land and declares that "No Indian can hold property."

Boys and girls are apt to think the race of heroes is extinct. But if they could see this brave Englishman and realize what he has accomplished in his life, they would change their minds. Mr. Duncan does not look like a hero. He is a small, quiet, unpretentious man. His greatest charm is his humility and simplicity. But those who were fortunate enough to hear from his own lips the story of his thirty years among the Indians, heard something which they will never forget, and something which ought to be an inspiration to them all their lives.

VOLUME THREE
OF
EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

A SPECIAL WORD TO TEACHERS.

Ever since Every Other Sunday was started, it has contained a *Teachers' Department.* The Editor, assisted by the Directors of the Sunday-School Society, has tried to make this department of the paper interesting and helpful to all our Sunday-school teachers. In a measure this purpose has been accomplished. But there are still hundreds of our teachers who are neither subscribers to the paper nor readers of it. To them we now appeal. Beginning with the next number of this volume, we shall aim to make the *Teachers' Department* of our paper of even greater value to teachers than it has been in former years. It will contain a variety of reading-matter in the form of Questions and Answers, Practical Hints, Intelligence from the Schools, etc., in which every teacher in a Unitarian Sunday-school will be interested. We shall gain space for this matter *by discontinuing the Book-notices.* From time to time the titles of new books suitable for Sunday-school libraries will be given.

A special feature of the *Teachers' Department* will be the reports of the *Channing Hall Lecture-Talks.* For the present year, 1887–88, a course of twenty-four of these lectures has been planned. For those teachers who cannot hear the "talks" our reports will be of great value; and even those who attend the course will be interested in reading and preserving these reports.

Now let our teachers one and all respond to these efforts made in their behalf, and *by becoming subscribers and readers* benefit themselves and help along the good cause in which we are all laborers together.

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We have still on hand a few bound copies of Vol. I. Vol. II., handsomely bound in cloth, is now ready. The price of either volume is 75 cents. Sent, post-free, on receipt of price.

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Delinquent subscribers to last year's paper are requested to send us at once the money that is due.

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